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Bringing Back Corruption

Most of those who have railed against the expenditures of the Wood committee are, of course, insincere. They are hypocrites whose indignation is of a mock character, or they are partisans who deem that in politics the end justifies the means.

But caught in the motley conspiracy are doubtless some who are honestly indignant because a million-dollar fund was raised. These think they are opposing corruption. To this minority, well meaning but deceived, let us address some questions.

Do they appreciate the inevitable consequences of so stigmatizing publicity expenditures as to make candidates and their friends unwilling to embark on them? Are they aware what it means to forbid or greatly to limit contributions? Don't they understand what they really advocate? Don't they know the effect of preventing men publicly helping causes in which they are patriotically interested?

They are not fighting corruption, but trying to bring corruption back. There are but two ways of achieving nominations—the one that prevailed when the old-fashioned convention met and the one that has secured partial dominance with the development of the primary system. To oppose the use of methods which are essential to the primary system if it is to function is to oppose the system itself, and this is to labor for the return of its alternative.

The gasoline of the primary system is publicity. Without this fuel it stops. Those who believe in a particular candidate must advertise the reasons for their faith. Only so can there be intelligent popular choice.

And publicity costs money. A million dollars is not much to spend in a nation-wide effort. With 20,000,000 voters it is only a nickel each, or the price of preparing and mailing one circular.

It follows that to condemn large campaign funds flatly is to seek to restore the old crookedness. Muddled moralists who pull long faces over corruption work to have it in its former ugliness. They would throw away the cleansing influence that comes from forcing candidacies into the open, with their promoters compelled to justify themselves in public. Not less but more money should be spent in political education.

The Chicago convention, which in its later sessions harked partially to the old ways, rejected the popular choice. A few men did the selecting. Their choice fell on one who had not consulted the public in any broad way. No charge is made that pecuniary inducements swayed the decision, but the business was done behind closed doors in a non-democratic way. The next time, if primary candidacies are discouraged, there may be real cause for scandal. And to think men who regard themselves as intelligent were enmeshed by the money outcry against the Wood candidacy!

Giving for legitimate political purposes, even though large, is wholesome rather than the reverse. All that may be fairly asked, first, is that the names of the contributors and the amounts subscribed shall be publicly known, and, second, that there shall be current accounting for the precise things for which the money goes.

Political morality is to be upheld, but this does not forbid the exercise of common sense, and to demand a relapse into bad ways is to disclose neither morality nor common sense.

Smith College Gets Its Fund

The news that Smith College has succeeded in raising the four-million-dollar fund for which its alumnæ were striving marks another striking success for woman's higher education. Bryn Mawr had already gained its two millions. These funds mean that faculty salaries can be raised to an adequate basis and that there can be development, no stagnation or retrogression in these leading institutions of learning for women.

The graduates of these colleges deserve the first credit for these campaigns and for the generous gifts which sent the funds over the top. But the benefit is for the whole country. More and more is the woman's college changing from a luxury for the especially gifted woman, aiming to teach or pursue research work, to an essential equipment of the intelligent woman. The shift is coming gradually, and it is all the sounder for its slow evolution. The Far West and the Middle West and the East share in the movement. The finishing school holds its special and relatively insignificant clientele. The woman's college broadens in influence and gains in force and numbers with every year.

It is a matter for general congratulation that in these parlous times for education from the budgetary point of view our great women's colleges have sought and gained generous support for their sustenance and growth.

Logic Is Logic

The Administration's hired men, disregarding the eight-hour law, work to multiply rods attached to their boss. High matters are interrupted while a photographer who knows his business is received. There is a ride through the streets of the capital when most crowded. Journeying Bainbridge Colby gives an excellent imitation of one bursting with a message. The hamstringing of candidates who may be in the way is deftly done.

But the President is not a candidate, though he "registers" as if one. To but a single call will he respond — that of Duty. But while Duty clears her throat to be ready to shout it is permissible to dwell on logic. If the President's deeds are to be glorified, why put an apprentice on the job? Only one person really understands the policies of mystery which are to be defended. His is plainly the speaking part.

The argument cannot be successfully resisted. President Wilson is the only proper candidate. Justice joins her voice to that of logic. It is unfair not to grant to him a chance to face his fellow countrymen with the story of his stewardship. The public does not want second-hand stuff. Marionette dancing and the voices of ventriloquial dummies neither amuse nor instruct. Why should the San Francisco convention hang back and act afraid? If Wilsonism is to be its watchword, then who is so competent to lead on as Wilson? How, if he is not nominated, can the charge of insincerity and self-stultification be fairly met?

"Doing Something for Silver"

For many years our government was committed to the policy of "doing something for silver." Back in the '70s and '80s the friends of silver wanted to boost the value of bullion by resuming silver coinage on the old legal rate of 16 to 1.

On November 5, 1877, the House of Representatives passed the Bland free silver coinage bill. Silver was worth then about 89 cents on the dollar. The Senate didn't approve, and both houses passed in February, 1878, the Bland-Allison act, which provided for the purchase each month of bullion worth not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 and its coinage into 412½-grain dollars. President Hayes vetoed this act, but it was repassed over his veto.

The pressure for free coinage continued. It came both from the cheaper money advocates of that day and from the Western mining interests. After General Harrison's election, in 1888, the free silver men forced another compromise. This was known as the Sherman silver purchase act, passed in 1890. Under it the Treasury was directed to purchase bullion to the amount of 4,500,000 ounces a month and to issue notes against it. But the compulsory coinage of at least 2,000,000 silver dollars a month was stopped and the Treasury notes issued were made redeemable in coin. The act declared it to be the policy of the United States to maintain gold and silver at a parity on the existing legal ratio.

The inflation of the currency through silver note issues and the "endless chain" drain on the gold supply to redeem silver notes and greenbacks helped to bring on the panic of 1893. President Cleveland called Congress in extra session, and, with Republican aid, secured the repeal of the purchase provisions of the Sherman law. The silver bought was warehoused.

Before the war silver bullion had dropped in value to the neighborhood of 50 cents. During the war, however, there was a strong demand for silver in the Far East. Congress sought to take advantage of this situation. It passed the Pittman act, which provided for the retirement of $350,000,000 of silver certificates and the melting up and sale as bullion of the silver dollars in the Treasury which the certificates represented. About 300,000,000 of these dollars were used in Far Eastern exchange. Silver skyrocketed in value. In 1919 it went as high as $1.37 an ounce—eight cents above the old bimetallic ratio.

Recently it has declined almost as rapidly. It is now worth about 80 cents in the world market. But the Pittman law contained a curious "joker." This required the Treasury to purchase for every dollar melted up an equivalent amount of bullion at the fixed price of $1 an ounce. The Treasury has begun to make such purchases, with the result that American-produced bullion now commands 99½ cents an ounce, while foreign bullion is selling for only 91½ cents.

The Pittman law is thus operating, as the Bland-Allison and Sherman acts operated, to put a fictitious value on silver bullion—if mined in the United States. The error made in 1878 and 1890 is being repeated. Silver is not needed as a basis for currency, especially when purchased at more than market value. The "joker" in the Pittman measure should be eliminated at the next session of Congress.

The Children of Babel

A new sort of drive, perhaps as important as any ever undertaken in this city, is being made by the Department of Education to bring adult non-English-speaking elements of the population into the evening schools.

The army training camps showed that an appalling number of men knew nothing of the common language. The census returns, which include women, have brought the matter to the front again. In Manhattan alone are two hundred thousand men and women over twenty-one who cannot speak, read or write English. The total for greater New York is not yet published, but no doubt it is large.

To induce the non-English speaking to learn English will not be a simple matter. Necessity does not demand that they know our language. Almost any national can find in New York City a settlement where he may live and work among people of his own tongue. He finds here his newspapers, his church and his theatre. Except through his children, who are quickly absorbed into American life by means of the public schools, he comes little into contact with things American. The voluntary student, of course, will find his way to the evening schools without persuasion, but the number of people discovered by the census to be unacquainted with English indicates that it is unwise to leave this question entirely to individual initiative.

The work now undertaken by the school authorities should be supported and encouraged in every possible way. The census bureau is coöperating by furnishing names and addresses, and a personal house-to-house campaign is to be made. In the fall the movement will be extended over the entire city. Not only will American institutions and ideals be better understood, but some of the present-day problems may be more easily solved when there is a common language among us.

The Secret of the Dunes

The man of science, of acute, painful search after detail and accuracy of fact, was strangely wedded to a rarely vivid literary imagination in the person of W. N. P. Barbellion, the young Englishman whose extraordinary diary appeared a few months before his death. That volume, "The Journal of a Disappointed Man," held a mingling of bitterness, morbidity and truthful observation of the world, within and without the human frame. It was not an easy or a pleasant book to read, but it left an unforgettable picture of the man himself—bitterly, feverishly facing the death by paralysis which gradually overran his frame.

Even more poignant are the concluding entries of the diary, which have now appeared in "The London Mercury." Barbellion lived to see the journal appear as a book with Mr. Wells's enthusiastic preface and to receive high praise from reviewers. Success seems to have been a turning point in his life. Only a few months of living remained, yet the change in point of view is marked. He speaks of this mellowing himself and rejoices that he "can sweeten and soothe" his warped frame "with a little of the delicious honey of kindly recognition"—"can rest in the sun a while, soak up the warmth and sweetness into this tortured spirit and crave every one's pardon before the end comes."

Love and sympathy for his wife, heightened by thought of the tragic burden he had been to her, overwhelmed him in these last days. Brief entries in the diary are laden with the pathos of impending separation. Yet throughout there runs that strain of what Mr. Wells called "unpremeditated and exquisite beauty." This wracked and half-dead human body could still record the visible world—visible, that is, to the eyes of a scientist—and find therein unbelievable splendor.

On April 14, 1919, with death only a short distance away, Barbellion was wheeled out to his beloved sand dunes, bare enough to ordinary eyes, yet to him appearing thus:

> "The Dunes are always associated in my mind with burning hot, cloudless summer days, during the whole long course of which, without ceasing, lapwings flapped around my head, uttering their crazy wails; circuses of scimitar-winged swifts swished by and screamed hysterically; the face of the blue sky was dotted at regular intervals with singing larks, singing all day long without intermittence, poised menacingly overhead, so that the white hot needle-points of their song seemed likely at any moment to descend perpendicularly and penetrate the skull. Occasionally a dazzlingly white herring gull would sail slowly, majestically in from the cliffs, and from a much greater height than all the rest of us cry in a deep voice 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' like some supreme being in sardonic amusement at the vulgar whirligig of life below him."

A still summer day? The air was charged with sound, Barbellion declares, had one the ears to hear. It is not merely the birds' cries—it is "their dangerous living, feverish and intense," that contributes to "this uproar of life." Heart-muscles and wing-muscles give out a note as they contract. The interior of a falcon's body is "a scene of dark-sounding romance and incessant activity, with the blood racing through the vessels and the glands secreting and the muscles contracting." At Barbellion's feet is an "avalanche," jagged bowlders of silica are descending and spreading out—only sand-grains, so he cannot hear the crash of the bowlders, but "matter, atomic solar systems, colossal." Nor is this all:

> "That is the secret of the fascination of the Dunes. Superficially all seems dead and dull. Reflection brings the deeper understanding of myriad forms of life, creeping, running, springing, burrowing—of noisy, screaming, struggling life dominated by the august secular movements of the great sea."

It was Barbellion's shattered hope to be known as a writer rather than a scientist. Such fragments as these are all his weakened pen could achieve. Yet surely here is great and beautiful prose—and a sense of beauty in life which takes one back in imagination to no scientist, but to a young poet, John Keats, who also died in his prime singing of the beauty of the world. Exactly a century, a century of science, stands between these two young English writers. Yet the world is surely not less wonderful to the later mind. Rather have its marvels become multiplied through much knowing.

Advice to Hiram

Climb Aboard the Band Wagon While There Is Time

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Hiram Johnson will accomplish nothing by sulking or even by bolting.

In 1916 Hughes received 254 electoral votes. To these add four from New Hampshire, which state Wilson carried by fifty-six plurality and which no sane person believes Harding can lose in November next, and we have 258 as the bedrock, irreducible minimum of Republican strength. Now, add the eight votes of Nebraska, where Bryan and Hitchcock are at each other's throats and where the Republican Congressional nominees had a clean sweep in 1918, and we have 266 electoral votes or an exact majority.

But Kansas is even more certain than Nebraska, and if we add her ten votes we have 276, in which case we could even spare Oregon and South Dakota, both of which Hughes carried four years ago, with their combined total of ten electoral votes, and still have our majority in the Electoral College.

All this takes no account of Ohio, Harding's own state, which went overwhelmingly Republican on the Congressional vote in 1918 and which we confidently except to contribute twenty-four electoral votes to our total. Nor are we saying anything about Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky and New Mexico, all of which look promising.

It's as near a perfect cinch as anything earthly can be, Hiram, and you'd better climb on the band wagon while you can do so with any degree of grace and dignity whatever.

W. C. J.

New York, June 22, 1920.

Kerrigan vs. La Guardia

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: While reading in to-day's Tribune the controversy between Major F. H. La Guardia and Comptroller Craig I came to where C. F. Kerrigan reached an altercation with La Guardia.

It seems that in answer to a personal remark made by La Guardia (whether La Guardia was justified or not I do not know), Kerrigan replied: "But I am no 'wop.'"

Now, I ask you, Mr. Editor, way is it that to be an Italian or of Italian descent, or (it hurts me to say it) a "wop," in the eyes of such as this Mr. Kerrigan, is to be objectionable, repulsive, a disgrace?

Why is it that while these men are apparently trying to Americanize the foreign element they insult them in the most brazen, arrogant and abominable way, by telling them that they are nothing but "wops," "dagoes," etc? And while these remarks are heard thousands upon thousands of times, nothing is left for one but to draw the conclusion that to carry the name of Marconi, La Guardia, Stella, Caproni, etc., is shameful and disgraceful, but to carry the name of Kerrigan, Craig, Hylan, etc., is honorable and worthy of the hospitality and protection of these great United States!

AN ITALO-AMERICAN.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., June 22, 1920.

Still Scrubbing

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial on "The Passing of the Scrubwoman" interested me so much that I broached the subject with the lady who has washed and scrubbed for me for the last ten years, and is still on the job, and I remarked, "Of course, your husband gives you most of his wages now that he can't get drink." "Can't get drink?" she echoed. "He gets all he wants. The trouble is he has to pay so much more for it that, while I used to get a few dollars out of him before prohibition, now I get none at all. Somebody's making a pile of money out of prohibition, but it ain't me."

The scrubwoman is not passing, take it from one who knows. I. A.

New York, June 22, 1920.

The Conning Tower

Ballade of Petty Accidents

Oh, many times I've smashed a thumb
While nailing carpets in my shack.
I'd raise the hammer, and by gum,
I'd give myself an awful crack!
One day I nearly broke my back
While in the bathtub I was laving.
But say! Would you believe it, Jack?
I've never cut my ear while shaving!

Once I was almost stricken dumb,
When in the night—'twas Stygian black—
I bunked my head, and "Kingdom Come!"
They took me home within a hack . . .
Ah, oui, I've sat upon a tack;
I've even slipped on icy paving.
But listen, fellows, it's a fac'
I've never cut my ear, while shaving!

I've sprained my wrist and ankle some
While sprinting on the running track;
I've put a tendon on the bum
In trying to regain the pack.
A cinder from a chimney stack
Has often left me blindly raving.
But this experience I lack:
I've never cut my ear while shaving!

L'ENVOI

Prince, I exult, with joy I clack;
My little flag I'm wildly waving.
For (let me on the table thwack)
I've never cut my ear while shaving!

CHICOT.

It is asking too much of the detectives to demand that they solve the Elwell mystery. They are still recuperating from their exhausting work in finding Nicky Arnstein.

Of course, the District Attorney's office might ask the Army to help it. But all the Army detective talent is busy discovering the whereabouts of Bergdoll.

The Unforgettable Baccalaureate

Sir: Twelve years after the Rev. Dr. Flavel Sweeten Luther, President of Trinity College, said to the members of the class of 1908 in his baccalaureate sermon at Christ Church on a warm evening in June, "Fix your minds upon giving rather than upon receiving, upon ministering rather than upon being ministered unto," I, at the annual dinner of the class of 1823, divided, or rather split 75-25 (the odds against me), with Ted Hudson, the football giant, a tube of 100 proof that Doc Stewart presented to me from the medicine case he had safely carried a great distance. So much for my claim on the Wentworth. And as for remembering a sentence and receiving at least honorable mention, well, the president said, "Our portion of the earth is in turmoil. Heaven forbid it should be otherwise." R. R. W.

"If anything goes wrong," Mr. Edgar Scott jr., Harvard's ivy orator, said, "blame it on the freshmen." Does the ivy orator blame that kind of English on Harvard?

"Kipling was wrong," says Paul, who is just back from Greenwood Lake. "The female of the species is more lively than the male."

The Iowa Idea

Sir: Crossing the arid deserts that lie beyond Chicago must have had a bad effect on Hey Broun, for in his dispatch of Sunday he tells of making his first stop in Iowa "at a little station which, as we remember, was called Clifton." They ain't no such station in Iowa, and as soon as the reports from Clinton, which is some busy little burg a long way from the hamlet class, believe me, begin to come in, it will be proper to ascertain from Broun what his definition of a village, his knowledge of which probably is confined to the Washington Square section of New York, may be.

Being a native Iowan any asparagi thrown at the state hit me right in the eye, and my last recollection of the state is one of courtesy. Just as the train which was bearing me toward New York to win fame and fortune in bunches started to cross the Mississippi after leaving Clinton, an old lady discovered that she had forgotten to get off, and the train obligingly stopped and backed far enough so she could reach the sacred soil of Iowa without getting her feet wet.

Did you ever hear of a subway train doing that? A. M. ADAMS.

Information whose source cannot be questioned is to the effect that Miss Neysa McMein has just subscribed to a press clipping bureau. Every clipping will cost her about 5c. As may be recalled, Sam Merwin used to subscribe, but in 1912 we printed his name so often—what with seven or eight other papers this department was syndicated to—that he foreswore the habit. Solely with the notion of helping the clipping bureau, we hereby ask exchange editors to reprint this paragraph about Miss McMein.

The Wise Boys with the Inside Dope are saying that it will be Wilson or McAdoo, although we took seriously Mr. Wilson's statement that he wouldn't run and Mr. McAdoo's request that his name be withdrawn. Seriously as we take politics, we can't understand it.

"The reunion classes," says the New Haven Journal-Courier, "will march to the field this afternoon, clad in their distinctive reunion costumes." Their reunion suits, palpably.

"Some of the class members," the same newspaper adds, "will wear simply straw hats with their numerals." They never reveled like that in the pre-prohibition days.

A New York advertising concern is called the Johnston Overseas Service, but its namesake failed, alas, to terrorize Mr. J. C. Parke. Perhaps the Tilden O. S. will do better.

Hoarding Is Blamed for Shortage of Coal.—Evening Sun, headline.

Lucky for the Evening Sun it hasn't a Democratic proofreader.

The Los Angeles papers probably admit that the earth is shaking, but the true L. A. inmate will tell you it is just earth cracking a smile because L. A. has passed San Francisco in population.

There is only one good Los Angeles story—it has been printed herein long ago. It's the one about the Los Angeles man who says, "Well, this is a beautiful day, if I say so myself."

F. P. A.

LOOKS AS IF SOMEBODY WAS TRYING TO START A BIRD-HOUSE CONTEST

The Defeat of Penrose

Pennsylvania's Boss Blocked Sproul's Candidacy at Chicago, but Could Not Deliver Vote of His State for Harding

(From The Philadelphia North American)

In the Republican national conventions for forty years, with the exception of two, the Pennsylvania delegation has been the subservient instrument of politicians; its solid vote could be pledged in advance, often long before the delegates were chosen or the date of their selection fixed. In 1912 the Progressive uprising gave Roosevelt nine-tenths of the delegates, despite the bosses; and last week the delegation from this state acted with an independence which indicated a changed and changing party character. Every Republican should be gratified by the record made.

Activities of King

They had been elected without instructions, but, ignoring known wishes, pledged their support to the candidacy of Governor Sproul, despite his adverse request. Before they reached Chicago their status had been grossly misrepresented and they were catalogued as the political property of Senator Penrose, to be used in any moves he might dictate. Moreover, the Sproul candidacy had been so belittled that it was not regarded seriously. This condition was due largely to the activities of John T. King, deposed national committeeman from Connecticut, who had ostentatiously announced that he held a proxy for Penrose and would represent Pennsylvania in the deliberations of the committee. It was due also in part to Senator Watson, the shifty reactionary leader from Indiana, who was Penrose's first choice for the Presidential nomination.

Governor Sproul, who had taken rooms at a prominent hotel but who had studiously kept himself in the background, almost instantly became a figure of outstanding interest to newspaper men, party leaders and delegates. As early as Tuesday, the day of the opening session, his name hummed through every conversation on the outlook and was seriously discussed by metropolitan newspapers as the head of the second choice candidates.

Sproul's Stand

Finally the leading candidates became so perturbed by the rising prestige of the Governor that they sent emissaries to him to learn his plan of campaign. He told these inquirers frankly that he was in no sense a contender in the leading group, and that he believed a free field should be left to Wood and Lowden and Johnson to demonstrate their strength, since they had submitted their candidacies at the primaries. He would not seek to get a delegate from any one of these men, he said, unless and until a hopeless deadlock had developed.

The loyalty and zeal with which the Pennsylvania delegates supported the Governor was most striking. Representatives of some of the biggest business interests in the state, some of them delegates, worked for him with stimulating earnestness. Those who had been elected upon a declaration for Wood as second choice stood staunchly by Sproul, and, although notified by the Governor that he would release any delegate to Wood on request, they did not shift until he had released the entire delegation.

Samuel Vauclain, a self-proclaimed candidate, had balked at first against supporting Sproul, but fell into line. The only disloyal members in the whole delegation were Joseph R. Grundy, the lobbyist for reactionary manufacturing interests, and Percy M. Chandler, who trailed with him.

But the Governor's candidacy had to withstand more than the Grundy "poison gas." While he was dropping his bombs, Penrose in Philadelphia was directing submarine attacks against the Sproul craft. Penrose at no time favored the Sproul movement; he had sought to discredit it with ridicule and to block it by pretended advocacy of naming Senator Knox. While the delegation was valiantly fighting for Sproul, and while the convention stars in their courses were swinging toward his nomination, the wires from the Penrose house in Philadelphia to the rooms of lieutenants were kept busy with instructions how to torpedo the Governor's candidacy. When Sproul supporters tried to get an indorsement for him from Penrose, word came back that the Senator was too ill to be disturbed; but all the while messages were coming through from his residence to his representative, King.

A Strong Candidate

The nominating of a Presidential candidate, we fully realize, is an undertaking of vast magnitude and complexity, the result being dependent upon almost countless forces, influences and combinations of circumstances. Yet we can declare, from close personal knowledge of events at Chicago, that for several days the nomination of Governor Sproul was not merely a possibility but a matter of strong and steadily increasing probability; this condition prevailed down to the time of the conference in the early hours of Saturday which brought about unexpected agreement upon Harding.

Governor Sproul at all times kept his poise and permitted himself to cherish no inflated illusions. After the contest was over he exhibited not the slightest resentment or disappointment. He had the unique honor of being supported to the last by his state delegation, which withstood all open or treacherous attempts to break down its solidarity. He emerged from the struggle a national party figure, and is certain henceforth to be potential in Republican councils. One of the foremost governors in the country, he has the distinction of having saved the party by his candidacy, which prevented Penrose from delivering the Pennsylvania delegation to the Old Guard combination. If the party, burdened already with the weakest of the possible candidacies, had to stagger also under the odium of having the decision made by a Penrose-controlled delegation, the handicap would be fatal.

The Penrose Intrigue

So far as the standing of Pennsylvania is concerned, nothing in her political history has done more to dispel the idea that the Republican party in this state is merely "a corrupt and criminal combination" than has the action of the delegation at Chicago. Pennsylvania may never provide the Republican party with a Presidential nominee. But it will be recorded in her annals that she would have furnished one in 1920 if it had not been for the deliberate, persistent, underhanded intrigue of United States Senator Boies Penrose.

Onward!

Let Us Not Go Back to the Days of Anybody

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "Will it not be a desirable thing to hark back to the days of McKinley?" asks Mr. T. B. Higdon, of Atlanta, Ga., in your Monday issue. And in this line he sums up everything he has to say. Permit me to answer a positive No!

Not because I like the present days, nor because I disliked those of McKinley. But rather because I believe any trend toward going back—to anything—is useless, senseless and dangerous.

Mr. Higdon follows the lead of the keenest political thinkers—those who pretend to think for us and who don't want us to think for ourselves—and denounces, in generalizations, everything that Roosevelt and Wilson have done. He slurs internationalism, attacks a great many policies which time alone can prove right or wrong, and, in like manner, assumes everything else which it is necessary to prove.

He is an example of a great many people who think they think. They sigh for the dear good days that are no more, and there have been such folks since time began, some six thousand years ago, as far as written records are concerned. Adam probably wept bitterly that God didn't restore his pre-Eve freedom; King Solomon, with his vast harem, no doubt envied Adam, with only one woman whom he had to strive to please. In songs, stories, memoirs, histories and anecdotes we find the old, rose-colored glamour of the sweet long ago, the sad but resigned allusion to times departed.

I insert these remarks to prove that Mr. Higdon is not alone, nor would he have been alone at any time in the past; had he lived in 1492, or among the Pilgrims, he would have been wishing for the comfort his grandfather had. When McKinley was President of these United States he probably wrote in to the paper, complaining that things weren't what they used to be.

Nevertheless, I fear Mr. Higdon would not relish living in the Stone Age that would be too far back. But I beg of him that he consider the fact that we all would still be living under some such conditions if every one had had the same slant that he now voices. It has been those to whom the past and the present were not good enough and who were willing to make a stiff scrap for the sake of a better future whom we may thank for the blessings of to-day.

If he will but refer to the newspaper files of those comfortable, prosperous times of McKinley and read the sweet scandals of the Spanish War, the impassioned pleas for the full dinner pail and the attacks on the trusts he will find it hard to realize the dates under which the articles were printed and that many who wrote them are now among the great majority.

These are times when, if ever, we must push forward, not look backward, if we are to reap the rewards of the past struggle. True, we have much with which to find fault, but if we go back we shall then have to go through some more hell to regain the ground lost; for there is something in the breasts of the greater number of us that commands us "Push onward! Mount the heights! Progress!"

Let us, therefore, not look back and compliment ourselves on how far we have advanced, but rather look forward and see what a great task lies before us. SIDNEY K. BENNETT.

Bayonne, N. J., June 22, 1920.